

Glory to God in the highest, Peace on earth among men in whom He is well pleased. Luke 2:14

#### Hail to the Voice of America!

There has been so much false and mischievous theory of government expounded in this country recently, now by the mush heads and now by the violent minded—between which there is little to choose—that fearless, patriotic and true expression of Americanism such as Governor Allen has just given us comes like a refreshing and invigorating breeze wafted by the spirit of Theodore Roosevelt himself. Let's hear it again:

"Once and for all it must be understood that the powers of the state now summoned into action for the protection of its people, are above and beyond those of any association or organization, whether of capital or of individuals."

That's what Americans have been waiting to hear, and almost have despaired of hearing, in the unchecked and rising chorus that has taken its key from the pipings of internationalism, world brotherhood and fatuous idealism that has supplanted the defiant and uncompromising note of nationalism and Americanism in the government at Washington.

The long course of truckling and ducking to interests and forces that are not American and can have nothing in common with America or its institutions, has bore its fruitage. From a foreign policy that always put America second it was a consistent and inevitable result that we should have a domestic policy that yielded the sovereignty and the powers of government to the encroachments and claims of arrogant and selfish private interests.

Never before in the history of this government have the purposes of government and democracy been so boldly and insolently challenged at home and abroad as they are now being challenged. Americans are being murdered and robbed abroad and frozen and starved at home with equal impunity, and by forces equally destructive of our democracy and the purpose for which it was established.

Governor Allen's voice is sounding again the note rarely heard since the manly and patriotic voice of Theodore Roosevelt was stilled. He reminds us again what this government is for and why it was clothed with the powers it possesses. The first and highest function of government is the protection of the people from whom government draws its being. Government can tolerate no domestic power greater than its own. "The government that does so is doomed and its people are lost." Is the power of government—the power of organized society whose agent government is—supreme in America today? That is the question Governor Allen asks. The response to it ought to be such that the challenge that has been sounding unrebuked all over this land will hush itself, if not in shame, then in fear.

Give us back the America of Theodore Roosevelt. Give us back our nationalism and self respect. Give us a foreign policy that tells sloppily and sickly sentimental internationalism to go to the devil, and a domestic policy that tells every trouble maker who doesn't like America the way Americans made it to go to Europe or to hell as he may choose.—Kansas City Star.

#### A SCHOLAR'S PROTEST.

"Ah! A Romeo and his Juliet," remarked Mr. Dubwaite, as a loving pair strolled past.

"My dear sir," said Professor Diggs, "I have a great admiration for Romeo and Juliet as portrayed by the immortal Shakespeare. Apply the names of those graceful and romantic figures to a bow-legged young man in a 'waist-line' coat and a calcimined young woman wearing a hobble skirt does great violence to my feelings."

#### Going the Rounds.

"That new nursemaid of Mrs. Styles seems a very obliging girl," said the lady in the satin jumper.

"What make you say so?" asked her friend in the purple gingham.

"Well, yesterday morning I saw her out with Mrs. Styles' baby, in the afternoon with Mrs. Styles' dog, and in the evening with Mrs. Styles' husband."—London Answers.

## Diamond Cut Diamond

By JANE BUNKER

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USE the steamer, for instance, she had twice caught Claire turning over things in her—Mrs. Delario's—suitcase. Claire excused it once by saying she'd accidentally put some of her own toilet articles in it by mistake while she "was too sick to notice." But what finally brought about the crisis was this: A sitter had given Mrs. Delario a ten-dollar bill in payment for a reading, and she had gone hastily to her room for change, and returning had left her bedroom door ajar and a quantity of bills lying on the bureau which she hadn't stopped to put back into her purse. The moment she had shown the sitter out she went back to replace her purse and found Claire in her room. Claire was in the act of closing the wardrobe door and said she was looking for her muff! And why her muff in Mrs. Delario's wardrobe?

"But did she steal any money?" I demanded, almost in fear of the reply.

Mrs. Delario took some time to answer, and this is what she said: "You know I'm so fond of the child I'd rather think I made a mistake than that she robbed me. I had two five-dollar bills—a lot of twos and ones and several tens—and what I think I did was to take a five and a two—seven dollars—and rush downstairs. But what I might have done was taken the two fives—a five instead of a two—and give them to the lady. She didn't look at them. Anyway, the other five was gone."

It was this sort of thing about her that made me like Mrs. Delario so much—her willingness to excuse and to wait for final proofs of people's delinquencies. She hadn't even mentioned her suspicion to Claire; at the same time the incident decided her that she could on no account keep the child longer in the house, the worry of looking after her was too great, and she had told Claire this and that if her father didn't arrive by Monday Claire would have to go to a boarding school for safekeeping till he did. Monsieur le pere opportunely arrived next morning and took Claire away. That was Thursday—the day before she called on me—and Claire had been with Mrs. Delario just since Monday.

Very naturally, then, in all the story I never once thought of the slipper and that Mrs. Delario might be suspecting Claire of taking it also. But having, so to speak, settled Claire in saying that she had left on Thursday afternoon, Mrs. Delario quickly switched the conversation on the real subject of my visit. She introduced it by saying that Lila—who was still in a boarding school near Philadelphia—was breaking down and might have to be sent abroad for treatment—she seemed to be developing spinal trouble, though the doctors here really didn't seem to know what ailed the child; and then the sentence I clearly remember was, "I'm very greatly in need of money."

I fear I must have drawn back suddenly—I actually thought she was trying to borrow of me—for she smiled and answered my unspoken words: "I don't mean I want to borrow anything. I have some property I want to dispose of. I want to sell some rubies."

"Why, Mrs. Delario, I'm not a dealer," I replied quickly.

"I know you're not—that's why I thought you could help me better than anyone else. The stones were left me by a great-uncle in France, and I may as well confess it now—they came in duty free."

"Smuggled!" I interjected.

"Well, a friend brought them over and they weren't found when the baggage was examined. But don't you see that was why I could sell them at a bargain?"

"I don't know anybody who deals in smuggled gems."

"Of course—but you needn't tell that—you don't actually know how they got in—you are selling them for a friend. It's because you don't know that that you can sell them better than I can. At least you wouldn't mind looking at the stones and telling me what they're worth so I'll have something to go on? I haven't an idea how valuable they are."

"Take them to Tiffany's," I suggested.

"I'm afraid to take them anywhere, to tell you the truth. Eugene took them to a place on Maiden lane yesterday and the people acted so queerly. Eugene—he's very psychic—got the impression that they were going to accuse him of smuggling them or something of the kind—stealing the rubies, perhaps from them—and he put them in his pocket and ran out. He thinks

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he was followed, but he couldn't make sure. Don't you see how easy it would be for anyone to accuse a lone woman of theft—"

"But how would they prove anything?" I interrupted. "If the stones are yours—"

She stopped me with a bitter laugh. "Can't you see that the mere public accusation that I'd stolen jewels would ruin me professionally? It would put me instantly under suspicion of fraud in all my dealings. Oh, you don't know; you haven't a conception of what this life means," she went on a little wildly. "You don't know the struggle just to make one's daily bread. A lawsuit would ruin me financially—I have no money to hire a lawyer to defend me."

I felt myself give in to her then, as a friend. Yes, I'd help her in every reasonable way.

"You mustn't labor under any false impressions about me," she went on. "I have a little property—not enough to support two people—and what I earn. I live here rent free—they pay the rent—the circle that meets here twice a week. I have the house much as a minister has his parsonage. If there were ever any scandal—if they turned me out from here—I'd be practically penniless. I couldn't make a fresh start with that hanging over me. And then my son!"

I said, "Well, get the stones and I'll look at them if you care to have me do that."

She left me with a grateful smile, but returned so quickly that I rather guessed she had the stones on her person. It was a dingy little pasteboard box she'd come back with, fastened with a common little elastic. She slipped the elastic and placed the box in my hand.

I raised the lid. I gave one look at the contents, emptied out the stones into my hand and—nearly fell off my chair!

THE STONES I HELD WERE BLOOD-RED DIAMONDS! And there were seven of them—a stone you don't see one of in a year, perhaps. Why, I didn't know there were such stones in the heavens or the earth or the waters under the earth! Seven blood-red diamonds, absolutely flawless, first-water gems, and perfectly matched to the last facet, the last gleam and twinkle in their radiant depths.

I held them, almost frightened, and really didn't hear what she was saying till she remarked something about their being matched.

Matched! Well, they were matched this way: If an absolutely perfect mechanical mind with an absolutely perfect mechanical tool, working on absolutely perfect substance can be conceived, the mind and the tool, working without variation, might have produced those seven stones. Yes—I should say they were matched!

"I remember you told me once," she was prattling, "that the larger the stones the more individual they became and the harder they were to match. If they were worth five thousand dollars apiece couldn't I get—say—forty thousand dollars for the seven?"

"Forty thousand dollars!" I gasped, looking at her now for the first time since I'd looked at the stones.

An expression of disappointment crossed her face, and of chagrin too, at having committed herself before an expert—as she kindly regarded me.

"Couldn't I get as much as twenty thousand for them, don't you think?" she faltered. "Aren't rubies that size worth even that?"

"RUBIES!" I must have simply shouted the word at her.

"And aren't they rubies? Oh, don't tell me they're only paste!" She looked ready to cry with disappointment and mortification.

"PASTE!" I know I yelled that word so the walls echoed. "Why, woman, they're DIAMONDS!—blood-red diamonds—the most valuable stone in the world."

She clasped her hands about my arm and gave out a long "O-o-oh!" Then they're worth forty thousand dollars at the very least!"

"Mrs. Delario," I said soberly, "I can give you only a rough estimate, for those stones are far beyond my range, but in my honest opinion they are worth at least a million dollars."

Silence fell on us—my words had sort of stunned us both; for until I had spoken them aloud the full meaning of the diamonds hadn't come home to me, and that I sat there, casually holding a million dollars in my hand. It all at once seemed a solemn thing to be doing—an immense responsibility. I dropped them back in their box, put the lid on and handed them to her.

Her own first words showed the timid woman. "And I've all this right here in the house with me!"

I felt sorry for her. I was glad I didn't have them in the house with me. I saw her apprehension when her eyes roved over the room as if for a possible hiding place. When her eyes returned to the box she muttered under her breath, "A million dollars!"

And I asked only a little for Lila's sake. What confidence they must have had in me! A million dollars! She had evidently taken my word with implicit trust that I was right, though I was almost doubting it myself. My thoughts were chasing one another,

and the silence between us was such you could have heard a pin drop. And in that silence the front bell pealed through the house.

Mrs. Delario's hands flew to her bosom as though she had been shot.

"My God—it's come!" she gasped and the color left her face.

#### CHAPTER IV.

##### The Wicked Flee.

I confess I was frightened when thought of the diamonds and only two women alone in the house—apparently—to guard them, but Mrs. Delario was terrified.

"These stones"—she looked about the room despairingly. "Where can I hide them? And we two women alone in the house—"

Again the ring—a long, long rattle whoever it was meant to get in. Followed a pounding on the door.

Mrs. Delario, though deathly white was now composed and ready to meet the emergency, whatever it was. Mechanically she slipped the elastic over the box and rose.

"I'll go to the door," she decided. "It's better to see who it is, anyway. Perhaps it's only a district messenger. If it isn't—if it should be officers—they might break in the door."

And with that she whisked up her skirt and tucked the box down into her stocking.

I had risen and was preparing to follow her out, feeling she might need me, but she turned and said for me to wait behind the door out of sight and listen.

She left me. I heard the front door open just as the pounding began again. She asked, "What is it?" and a man's voice answered, "Does Eugene Delario live here?" She said he did, and demanded what was wanted of him. The man's voice said, "I must see him a once."

And then, to my amazement, I heard her tell the man, "I'm sorry, but you can't—tonight; he's sick in bed."

"I rather think I can see him, then," was the retort. "And I will."

There followed, well, not quite a scuffle but a very active shuffling of feet, and the man pushed his way into the house in spite of her, pushing her aside from the door, which he shut with a bang and a "Now, then." Sensations began to trickle down my spine.

"In which room is the young man sick?" demanded the voice.

"I tell you you can't see him—I refuse to let you go upstairs. What right have you forcing yourself into my house this way and demanding to see my sick son?" she asked angrily.

"Now, lady, be reasonable and I'll show you," he replied in a tone meant to conciliate. I heard a rattle of paces.

"A warrant!" she gasped.

"That's what," he said. "Want to see my badge?" There was a slight rustle as I assumed he showed it to her, for she gasped, "An officer—a warrant!" and seemed to sway on the stair.

"Now, lady," he began, still conciliating, "you don't want to make any more trouble for yourself than's necessary. I got to do my duty—and I ain't always pleasant—but I got to do it. It ain't my fault if I got to arrest your son—I ain't doing it to spite you nor him—he didn't steal any diamond off me, you know—"

"Steal any diamonds!" she interrupted. "He never stole a diamond in his life. Never!"

I fancied the man shrugging as he answered, "So much the better for him if he didn't steal them—I'm sure hope for your sake he didn't, though it looks bad, him trying to sell them to the very parties that knew all about them."

"Oh!" and I could see her clinging to the banister. She was evidently a loss what to do.

I understood in a flash what had happened—this man or an accomplice was the one who had followed her so home from the Maiden lane dealer yesterday. He evidently thought he was making headway, for he went on:

"Now see here, lady, you take it from me—the parties that are pressing this case don't care for publicity any more than you do—or your so does. It would ruin him if it got into the papers, to say nothing of his serving time for it—"

"Serving time! My God!" broke from her involuntarily.

"Of course he'll serve time if it proved on him," her visitor assured her.

She gave a sob. I was wrought up. It was all I could do to keep my place and not join her and help defy the man; but his next words held me in tension.

"If he'll give back the stones, I showed yesterday, or tell where he hid them, I can get this settled out of court and nobody will be the wiser—I you don't say anything. See?"

"It isn't true!" she cried. "My son never stole a cent's worth of anything in his life."

"Here's the warrant."

"Arrest him if you will, but there's law will prove him innocent—if there's law in the land, and I sometimes doubt it."

(To Be Continued)